

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

PERIODICAL

10¢

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER



Hunting a jaguar, Roy and Dusty become
the prey of a treacherous witch doctor!



SOME HOURS LATER, AND TWENTY MILES DOWNSTREAM, THE MAN-EATER HAS NOT YET SHOWN HIMSELF. . .





SHOUTS AND SHOTS FROM THE
CANOE TURN THE BIG CAT TOWARD
SHORE...





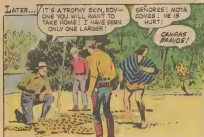
THEN HE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR DUSTY! CHAMPARI BRAVELY LEAPS IN FRONT OF THE BOY...



ANGERED BY THE UPROAR, THE BIG CROC GOES ON THE WARPATH...









ROY FIRES A WARNING SHOT, BUT THE CAMPES CONTINUE THEIR MARCH...

EVEN HIS SECOND SHOT CAUSES NOT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION, IN THE INDIANS' DEADLY ADVANCE...



QUICK, CARLOS—TAKE ONE OF MY GUNS! I'LL HAND ONE TO DUSTY, ALSO, BUT DON'T GIVE THEM UNLESS I FAIL!



ROY—WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT'S MADNESS!

CARRYING HIS LARIAT, ROY MOVES FORWARD NONCHALANTLY...



USH?

WHILE THE ASTOUNDED WITCHMAN STARES AT THE TWIRLING ROPE, ROY SLIPS A DUMMY CARTRIDGE INTO HIS MOUTH...



THEN HE MOVES CLOSER TO THE BRUJO, HIS ROPE ENCROLING THE WITCHMAN...



WASH!

TO THE BRUJO'S SURPRISE, ROY QUICKLY TIGHTENS THE ROPE AROUND THE LEADER...

THEN, FROM THE CARTRIDGE CASE IN HIS MOUTH, ROY PULLS A STRING OF MAGGIAN'S SILK HANKERCHIEFS—AS THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE BRUJO GROWS...



ARRGH!



HEY! BRUJO HEY!



AND, PARTLY VEILED BY THE SMOKE, HE PRETENDS TO PASS AN ARROW THROUGH HIS CHEEKS...





THE WITCH DOCTOR ACCEPTS ROY'S CHALLENGE...

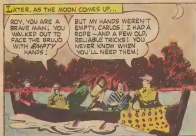


TRAINED IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE, ROY PROCEEDS HIS FINGERS AGAINST NERVE CENTERS IN THE BRUJO'S NECK...



AND THE HUGE WITCH DOCTOR GOES LIMP...





A BAD DAY FOR SANTA CLAUS

by Roy Rogers



If there's one thing our family likes to do, it's to spend a weekend at Big Bear Lake, up in the California mountains, where we have a cabin and there's plenty of fishing and hiking and other fun.

Not long ago, our whole family took one of our regular trips up there. After we arrived, Dale, with the help of Debbie and Dodie, put the provisions away in the kitchen. The boys, Dusty and Sandy, and I swept out the place. Then we unloaded our fishing gear and high-tailed it for the boat docks. Nothing's more fun to me than to go fishing with my boys. We rowed our way to a likely looking cove, hauled our hooks, and waited.

Late in the afternoon, we returned to the cabin with a nice mess of fish, which Dale told us we could have for dinner if we'd clean them right away.

"Things are pretty quiet around here," I said to Dale when we had finished. "Where are Debbie and Dodie?"

"They went on a hike with Bullet," Dale answered. "I expect them back pretty soon, when their tummies tell them it's about dinnertime."

The boys and I went for a before-dinner swim, and when we got back, Dale was standing in the cabin doorway, looking up toward the mountain crest where the sun was just beginning to go down.

"I can't understand it," she declared anxiously. "The girls have never been this late before. You'd better look for them."

Dusty, Sandy, and I went in three different directions, each taking a flashlight because it was getting dark. We kept bawling and whistling for Bullet, but all we got back was the echo of our own voices.

Finally, after about a half hour, the three of us met on the main path where it branches

off up into the higher ledges.

Just then, Dusty held up a hand.

"Listen," he said.

We could hear a sound like crying. Right away we rushed off in the direction it came from. Soon we found Debbie stumbling down a path, her face tear-stained.

"What happened, Debbie?" I asked, picking her up. "Where's Dodie?"

"She's 'way up there by that big tree," Debbie replied, pointing. "She and Bullet are staying with Santa Claus. He's hurt real bad."

Now, I'm used to the things my girls can imagine, but Santa Claus being in trouble in the Big Bear mountains was a new one, I told Dusty and Sandy to take Debbie back to our cabin, and I started up the path.

After awhile, I found Dodie cuddled up in the arms of a man with a bushy white beard.

"Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad you're here," Dodie exclaimed. "Santa Claus has caught his foot in a bear trap and can't get it out."

Sure enough, the old man had caught his foot in an enormous trap. It took several minutes to pry him loose, and then I found that his foot was broken, so I had to tote him back to the cabin on my shoulders.

Was the man really Santa Claus? Well, in a way, he was. He told us that he always took a long summer vacation at Big Bear Lake, where he loved to hike in the mountains, but when Christmastime came around, he put on a red suit and played Santa Claus for the little ones in a Los Angeles department store.

Yeah, that sure was a bad day for Santa Claus. But it was kind of a good one for us, because none of us had ever known a real Santa Claus in person, and I was very proud of my girls for finding him and helping to rescue him in time for Christmas.

DALE EVANS

A JOB FOR HIRAM

ONE MORNING IN MINERAL CITY.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB, HIRAM! GETTING ALONG ALL RIGHT?

DALE EVANS ASSOCIATION

YEAH, MISS DALE! JUST FINE. AND I SURE DO WANT TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THE JOB!

DALE EVANS CAFE

FIRST WORK I'VE HAD IN OVER A WEEK! JUST RANGED HARD FOR ME TO KEEP A JOB IN THIS TOWN!

AFTER PEOPLE SEE HOW WELL YOU DO PAINTING THE CAFE, I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND A LOT MORE WORK!

HELLO, CURLEY! HOW'S BUSINESS THIS MORNING?

IT WOULD SURE BE A LOT BETTER IF YOU'D MAKE THAT CROWN OUT THERE QUIT PAINTING!

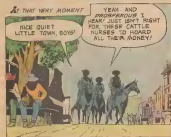
LOOK WHAT HE DID TO FRED WHEN HE WAS PAINTING OVER THE DOOR!

RANGED NEAR SPILLED THE WHOLE CAN OF PAINT ON ME!

OH, NO!

FRED, YOU GOT THOSE CLOTHES CLEANED UP AND SEND ME THE BILL! I'M REALLY SORRY!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, DALE. BUT I SURE DON'T SEE WHY YOU HIRED HIRAM WIVES TO DO THE PAINTING!





HIRAH HAPPENS TO GLANCE INTO THE WINDOW OF THE CATTLEMAN'S ASSOCIATION

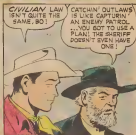
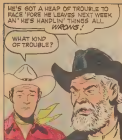




ROY ROGERS DAY OF THE CANNON







"I DECIDED TO STAY WITH BO A FEW DAYS AND SEE HOW HIS CAMPAIGN FOR SHERIFF TURNED OUT..."



"AND THE NEXT MORNING, AS I WENT INTO THE TOWN STORE TO PICK UP A FEW FOOD SUPPLIES..."



"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE TROUBLE BO HAD TOLD ME ABOUT, WAS ABOUT TO ERUPT..."



"I'LL HANG ON TO THE HORSES, DUGAN!"

"WAIT RIGHT HERE! WITH LUCK, WE'LL BE OUT IN FIVE MINUTES!"



"STAY CLOSE, BOYS!"



"IT'S THE DUGAN GANG!"

"YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ABOUT IT, FRIEND, IF YOU DO AS WE SAY!"

"I WAS COMING OUT OF THE GENERAL STORE WHEN SUDDENLY..."

THE BANK DOWN
THE STREET IS
BEING ROBBED!



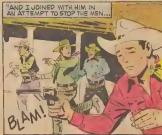
"TOWNSFOLK SCATTERED AS THE
OUTLAWS RAN FOR THEIR HORSES..."

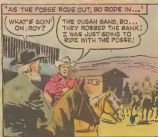


"THE SHERIFF CAME RUNNING
FROM HIS OFFICE..."

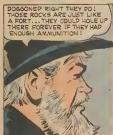
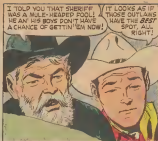


"AND I JOINED WITH HIM IN
AN ATTEMPT TO STOP THE MEN..."











"THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN CONTINUED TO FIGHT WITHOUT SUCCESS..."

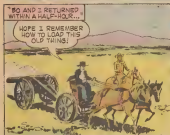
"WE'RE GETTIN' NOWHERE, SHERIFF!"

"AND IF WE TRY AND MOVE, THEY'LL PICK US OFF LIKE JACK RABBITS!"

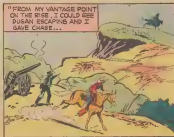
BAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!







"HE HAD A LONG
START ON ME
AND RODE HARD
BUT TRIGGER
WAS FASTER..."



"I DREW UP NEXT TO
HIM AND LEAPED..."



THUD!



"YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO
SPOIL MY FRIEND'S PLAN,
WOULD YOU?"



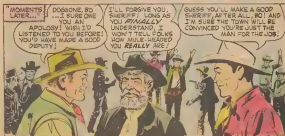
sock!

"MOMENTS
LATER..."

DOGGONE, SO
...I SURE ONE
YOU AN
APOLOGY! WISH I'D
LISTENED TO YOU BEFORE!
YOU'D HAVE MADE A GOOD
DEPUTY!

I'LL FORGIVE YOU,
SHERIFF! LONG AS
YOU ~~AWKWARDLY~~
UNDERSTAND, I
WON'T TELL FOLK
HOW MULE-HEADED
YOU REALLY ARE!

GUESS YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD
SHERIFF, AFTER ALL, SO! AND
I'M SURE THE TOWN WILL BE
CONVINCED YOU'RE JUST THE
MAN FOR THE JOB!





Dear Roy:

My cousin said you use Trigger, Jr. on TV instead of Trigger. Is it true? I'm a girl.

Terry H. Portland

Dear Terry:

I use both Trigger and Trigger, Jr. on TV. When they are performing, it's hard to tell them apart.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

Do you really have an airplane? I am 7 years old, and I like airplanes a lot.

Louis D.—Lincoln

Dear Louis:

I don't have an airplane of my own, but I have friends who do, and now and then they let me fly them. I'm not a pilot yet, but I'm learning, and I hope to get my license soon. Maybe you will be a pilot someday, too.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

Dear Roy:

Is Roy Rogers your real name? My teacher and I talked about this and we want to know what the truth is.

Rebecca S.—Marion

Dear Rebecca:

My real legal name is now Roy Rogers, but I was born Leonard Slye.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

Do Trigger and Bullet really belong to you? Is Pat Brady related to you?

Mary W. Waverly

Dear Nancy:

Trigger and Bullet surely do belong to me, and they live right here on the ranch with me. Pat Brady isn't "Winstie" but he's just like a brother to me.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

Dear Roy:

My dad thinks I should help him and my mom by doing jobs around the house and yard. Do you think kids should have to work? I'm 11 years old.

Tom E.—Concordia

Dear Tom:

Let's not call it work—let's call it doing your share as part of a family. My boys, Dusty and Sandy, have special chores around our ranch which are their responsibility, just as I have mine.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

ROY ROGERS TRANSPLANTING ROOTS



"Early homesteaders headed west in wagons pulled by yokes of oxen.



The wagons were carefully packed with the greatest necessities to begin farming in the big new land... food, clothing, household goods, plows, mattocks, hoes, spades, and some seeds.



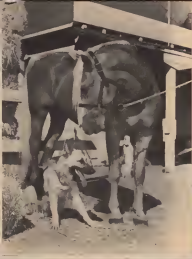
"A man's first thought was shelter for his family, and usually the first home was a dugout, a log hole covered with timbers and a sod roof. Later, when a log or sod house was built, the dugout became a barn or stall for the oxen.



"Until wells were dug, water had to be hauled in. The first wells were dug by hand, but soon the itinerant well-drillers followed and windmills began to dot the western plains.



"Even before a family was completely settled, the oxen were hitched to the plow and a small patch of earth was broken for a garden. More often, this plot was cultivated and tended by the women and children while the menfolk worked to clear the land and make it ready for planting."



MY BEST FRIENDS

by
Roy Rogers

They say a dog is man's best friend. As for me, I have two best friends—a dog and a horse. You know who I mean—Bullet and Trigger.

My horse Trigger and I have been together so long that he has received an award honoring his silver anniversary in show business. I've lost count of how many tricks he can do, but it seems to me that there isn't much he can't do. He learns fast, and he has an uncommon amount of good old common horse sense.

Bullet is fourteen years old now, and I have had him since he was a romping puppy. I spend a lot of time training him, and I love every minute of it, because he's so smart and willing. He seems to know the difference between time to work and time to play, and he never tries to mix them.

Bullet and Trigger rule the Double-R-Bar Ranch, and don't think they don't know it! Sometimes it almost seems as if they "put their heads together" and plan ways to outfox me. But they are great pals, and it's wonderful to see them together.

They're my greatest pals.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU IS
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